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Poetry.

THE ORGAN-BLOWER. BY OLIVER WENDELD MOLNES.

Deventest of my Sunday friends The patient Organ-blower bends: I see his figure sink and rise, (Forgies me, Heaven, my wandering eyes!) A moment lost, the next half seem, His head above the sensity screen, Still measuring out his deep salarms Through quavering hymns and pasting pastins

No priest that prays in gilded stole To cave a rich man's mortgaged soul No sister, fresh from holy vows, Se humbly stoops, so moskly bows; His large obelsance puts to shame. The prondest genuffecting dame, Whose Easter bounct low descends With all the grace devotion lends

O brother with the supple spins, How much we owe those hows of thine; Without thine arm to lead the breeze, How vain the fingers on the keys! Though all unmatched the player's skill, Those thousand throats were dumb and ctill Another's ast may shape the tone, The breath that fills it is thine over

Six days the silent Memmon write Rehind his temple's folded gates; But when the seventh day's sunshire fell brough rainbowed windows on the walls, e breathes, he sings, he shouts, he fills The quivering air with rapturous thrills The roof resounds, the pillars chake, And all the shumbering echoes wake:

The Preacher from the Bible text. With weary words my soul has texed; me stranger, fumbling far astray To find the lesson for the day !! He bells us truths too plainly true, A.d reads the service all askew,— Why—why the—mischief—can't be look Beforehard in the service book?

But thou, with decent mein and face, Thy only dread a leathery creak, Or small residual extra squeak, To sout along the studony aisles Not all the preaching, O my friend,

Not all that bend the knee and here Where honest labor does its less And leaves the player all the rest.

This many-disposated mare, Through which the breath of leting strays, Whose music makes our earth divine, Has work for mortal hands like mine Will play the tune on He shall please

The Leisure Hour.

THE MINISTER'S HOUSEKEEP.

"But you know how it is in parishes, here allers is women that thinks the minster's affairs belongs to them, and they that allers hes their eyes open on providence-lookin' who's to be the next one. "Now there was Miss Amaziah Pipperidge, a widder with snappin' black eyes, she was one o' them up and down commandin' sort o' women, that feel that they

set her eye on the parson for herselfmight not. Some folks thought it was a good property of her own, right nigh to mother, I shouldn't wonder if Miss Pipperidge should a thought that providence up to Deakin Blodgett's wife, and they two and condoling about the way things was likely to go on at the minister's now Mis-Carryl was dead. You see the parson's wife, she was one o' them women who hed their eyes everywhere and on everything. She was a little thin woman, but tough as out Mis Carryl was right there to see about t, and she had the garden made in the mmer, and the cider made, and the corn Jerieho and them things that ministers think about—but Lordy massy! he didn't | shall do, I was just ready to set her." know nothin' about where anything be eat or drapk, or wore, came from or went to-

his wife jest led round in temporal things and took care of him like a baby. minister nowhere 'round. Why, when he to begin life over again. preached on decrees and election, they used come clear over from South Parish, and him, and there was sich a row of waggins tied along by the meetin' house, that the stables were all full and the bitchin' posts folks said the doctor—tade the town look like a general trainin' day a Sanday.

When he'd a pint to prove he'd jest go thro' the Bible and drive all the texts ahead of him like a flock of slicep-and then if there was a text that seemed agin bimwhy, he'd come out with his Greek and Hebrew, and kind o' chase it round a spell, lest as ye see a follor chase a contrary bell wether, and make kim jump the fence arter the rest-I tell you there warn't no text in the libble that could stand agin the doctor when his blood was up. The year after the doctor was appointed to preach the lection sermon in Boston, he made such a figgor that the Bruttle street church sent ommittee right down to see if they could u't get him to Reston-and then the Sher-burne folks, they up and raised his salary

ye see there ain't anything wakes fells up like somebody else's wantin' what you've got. Wal, that fall they made him a doctor o' divinity at Cambridge college, and so they set more by him than ever. him wal, you see the doctor, of course, he felt him. Wal, you see the doctor, or coarse, he kind o' lone some and afflicted when Mix

Carryl was gone, but railly and truly, Huldry was so up to everything about the face, 'we've got him now,' and be travelled off to the barn with him is lively as a distance of ninety three miles. There in a temporal way. His shirt bosoms was sleated finer than they ever was, and them ruffles round his wrists was kep' like the kep' polished up, and his coats brushed. like Huldy's, and her butter was like solid

equal hers, and so the doctor never felt the beld his head down all droopin', lookin oss of Mis Carryl attable. Then there was | like a rall pions old cocs, as long as the parson sot by him.
"There; you see how still he sets,' says Huldy afters opposite to him, with her blue eyes and her cheeks like two fresh peaglees, she was kind o' pleasant to look at, and the parson to Huldy.

goin' on quiet and comfortable of it hadn't says she, 'when you do.'
been that Mis Pipperidge and Mis Deakin "'Oh, no he won't,' says the parson, quite Blodgett, and Mis Sawin got their heads together a talkin' about things. "'Poor man,' says Mis Pipperidge, 'what in' a blessin'. But when the parson riz up,

Carryl's shoes. make him get down again; hand me "That it does," said Mis Blodgett, "and corn basket, we'll put that over him." when things once gets to runnin' down hill there aint no stoppin' on 'em,' says

"Then Miss Sawin, she took it up. (Ye and waited. see Mis Sawin used to go out dress makin', and was sort o' jealous, 'cause folks sot more by Huldy than they did by her.) 'Well," says she, 'Huldy Peters is well "Oh. coungh at her trade; I never defied that, says he, though I do say I never did believe in her "Just as he spoke the basket riz right way of making batton holes, and I must ap and stood, and they could see old Tom's say, if 'twas the dearest friend I had, that, long tegs, I thought Holdy, tryin' to fit Mis Kittridge's plumb-colored silk was a clear piece of presumption—the silk was jist piled, so 'twarn't fit to come into the got his spunk up. neetin' house. I must say that Huldy's a gal that's always too venturesome about takin' 'sponsibilities she don't know noth-

be in guiding the minia cr's bouse? Huldy's well meanin' and she's good at her ork, and good in the singer's seat, but but Lordy massy, she haint got no experi-ence. Parson Carryl ought to have an ex-fore they see old Tom hoppin' along, as perienced woman to keep house for bim. There's the spring house cleanin', and the all house cleanin' to be seen to, and the things to be put away from the moths, and hen the gettin' ready for the associar and all the minister's meetin's and the makin' the soap and the candles, and settin' the hens and turkeys, watchin' the the garden-and there that are blessed man flat sets there at home as serene, and has nebody fround but that gal, and don't even know how things must be runnin' to

and fuzzled and wuzzled till they'd drinkand wuzzled him all up talkin about this, that and tother that wanted lookin to, and that it was no way to leave everything to a young chit like Huldy, and he ought o be lookin' about for an experienced woman. The parson, he thanked 'em kindly, and said he believed their motives was good, but he didn't go no further. He lidn't ask Mis Pipperidge to come and day there and help him, nor nothin' o' that kind, but he said he'd attend to matters bimself-the fact was the parson had got ach a likin' for bavin' Huldy 'round that and if a miniser's wife dies, there's folks he couldn't think o' such a thing as swap-

pin' her off 'or the widder Pipperidge, "But he thought to himself. Huldy is a everything to her-it's too hard on her. I ought to be instructin' and guidin' and helpin' of her, 'cause 'taint everybody could be expected to know and do what have a call to be seein' to everything that goes on in the parish, and 'specially to the Lordy massy, didn't Huldy hev a time on't when the minister began to come out "Folks did say that Miss Pipperidge sort | of his study and want to tend round and see to things? Huldy, you see, thought wal-now, that might have been, or it all the world of the minister, and she was 'most afraid to laugh, but she told me she | he'd cail or 'r he'd give him a little pig. very suitable connection-you see she had | couldn't for the life of her, belp it when his back was turned, for be wozzled things active and busy-so, taking one thing with | dy, she'd just say, 'yes, sir,' and get him | bis pig. off into his study and go on her own way. ""Huldy, said the minister one day, you aint experienced out-doors, and when

"'Yes, sir, says Huldy. " 'Now, Huidy,' says the parson, 'you

" 'Yes, sir,' says Huldy, and she opened Injer rubber, and smart as a steel trap, and thee pantry door and showed him a nice into the yard, full chizel, with his pig. there warn't a hen laid an egg or cackled, dishro: she'd been savin' up. Wal, the very next day the parson's hen turkey was found killed up to old Jim Scroggs's barn -folks said Scroggs killed it, though Scroggs stood to it he didn't-at any rate usked, and the apples got in the fall, and the Scrogges they made a meal on't, and the doctor had nothing to do but jest sit Huldy she feit bad about it, 'cause she'd stock stiff a meditatin' on Jerusalem and sother heart on raisin' the turkeys—and says she, 'Oh, dear, I don't know what I "'Do, Huldy?" says the parson, 'why

there's the other turkey out there by the loor, and a tine bird, too, he is.' "Sore enough, there was the old Tom "Wal, to be sure Mis Carryl looked up to turkey a strottin' and a slidin' and a quitim in spirituals, and thought all the terin' and floutin' his tail feathers in the says sic. sun, like a lively young widower, already

> "But, says Huldy, you know be can't "'He can't! I'd like to know why,' says the parson-the shall set on the ergs, and

hatch 'em too," "'Oh, doctor,' says Huldy, all in a tremwas full, clean up to the tavern, so that ble, 'cause you know she didn't want to 'Huldy, I ain't much in temporals.' Hulcontradict the minister, and she was afraid she should laugh-I never heard that a Tom turkey would set on eggs,' "'Why they ought to,' said the parson,

> now, and put 'em in the nest, and I'll make "So Hubby, she thought there wern't no no way to convince him but to let him try; she took the eggs and fixed fim all nice in the nest, and then she came back and found old Tom a skirmishin' with the parson pretty lively, I tell ye. Ye see old Tom, he didn't take the idee at all, and he flopped and gobbled and fit the parson, and the parson's wig got round so that his ions to be best by a Tom turkey-o, finals the astonished Dutchman, when the rich

laugh, and afraid the minister would look | The graies and stoves then in use were not 'round and see her,

lum; so' gold, and there warn't no ples to old Tom he sot there solemn enough and

the more the doctor looked at her the beiter be liked her, and so things seemed to be should laugh. 'I'm afraid he'll get up,'

confident; 'there, there,' says be, layin' his hands on him as if be was pronouncan that child be's got there do toward tak- old Tom he riz up too, and began to march ing the care of all that place? It takes a over his eggs. . mature woman, she says, to tread in Mis "Stop, now! said the parson; 'I'll

make him get down again; hand me that " 'So he crooked old Tom's legs and got hlm down again, and they put the corn basket over him, and then they both stood "That'll do the thing, Huldy,' said the

"'I don't know about it,' says Huldy. "Oh, yes it will, child-I understand," "Just as he spoke the backet riz right

"'I'll make him stay down, confound him,' says the parson, for ye see parsons is men, like the rest on as, and the doctor had

"You jist hold him a minute and I'll get something that'll make him stay, I guess,' and out he went to the fence and brought in a long, thin, flat stone, and laid it on Tom's

Blodgett. 'Wint does she know about all the lookin' and seein' to that there ought to under this, and looked railly as if he was goin' to give in. He staid still there a good long spell, and the minister and Huidy left him there and came up to the house, but high steppin' as ever, saying, 'talk ! talk ! gobblin' as if he had come through the Red sea and got the victory "'Oh, my eggs!' says Huldy, 'I'm afraid

he's smashed 'em?' "'And sure enough, there they was,

mashed flat enough under the stone, "'I'll have blun killed," said the parso 'we won't have such a critter 'round.' "'But the purson, he slept on't and then didn't do it—he only came out next Sunday with a tip top sermon on the "riginal coss," that was pronounced on things in everything was allowed to go contrary eved up all the tea in the teapot, and then they went down and called on the parson and Canada thistles, cut worms and bug worms and canker worms, to say nothin of rattlespakes-the doctor made it very impressive and sort o' improvin', but Hulhardly keep from laughing two or three times in the sermon when she thought of old Tom a standing up with the corn bas-

"'Wal, next week, Huldy, she just bor rowed the minister's horse and side-saddle, and rode over to South Parish to her aunt Bascones, widder Bascomes, you know, that lives there by the trout brook, and got a lot o' turkey eggs o' her and came back and set a ben on 'em and said nothin', and It Is. D., late President of Union College, lin good time there was as nice a lot o' turkey chicks as ever ye see, "Huldy never said a word to the minis-

advise so much. head that Huldy ought to have a pig to be fattin' with the buttermilk. Miss Pipper-

the minister's let, and was afters kind o' up in the most singular manner, but Hul- | bave it all ready when he came home with | previous almonts also disappeared, "Huldy, she said she wished be might may add that, since being connected with than \$2000, put a curb round the well out there, be- Union College, I have observed the deletecause in the dark, sometimes, a body might | rious effects of tobacco on others, especially

> "Wal, old Aikin, the earpenter, he didn't ome till most the middle of the afternoon, must be sure to save the turkey eggs so that | and then he sart o' idled so that he didn't | narcotle, which, next to intoxicating | we can have a lot of turkeys for Thanks | get up the well-curb till sendown, and said | liquors, is in my opinion more destructive he'd come and do the pig-pen next day. "Wal, after dark, parson Carryl, he driv into the yard, full chizel, with his pig.

and so he ran and see what he thought was the pig-pen-threw piggy over and slown he dropped into the water, and the minister put out his borse and pranced off into the house quite delighted. "There, Huldy, I've got you a nice lit-

'Dear me,' says Huldy, 'where have you put him?' "Why, out there in the pig-pen, to be

"'Oh dear me l' says Huldy, 'that's the well-curb-there ain't no pig-pen built," "Lordy massy?" a ys the parson, "the

I've thrown the pig in the well!"
"Wal, Huidy, she worked and worked, and finally she fished piggy out in the hucket, but he was dead as a door nail, and she got him out o' the way, and didn't say much, and the parson be took to a great Hebrew book in his study, and says be, dy says she kind a felt her heart go out to him, and he was so sort o' meek and helpson Carryl, don't trouble your head no more about it; I'll see to things,' and sure getting quite earnest; "what else are they good for? You just being out the eggs enough, a week after there was a nice pen, all ship-shape, and two little white pigs that Huldy bought with the money for the butter she sold at the store,

"'Wal, Huldy,' says the parson, 'you are a most amazin' child-you don't say nothin', but you do more than most folks." Mrs. Stowe in Wood's Household Magazine

HOW COAL WAS DISCOVERED IN PENN-

SYLVANIA.-It chanced one day that In eus stock straight out over his ear, but he'd | maker, who lived on the Schuylkili river, gethis blood up: Ye see, the old doctor used some of the black stones that were was used to carrying his point o' doctrine, lying about the place. Mine Got! mine ly be made a dive and ketched him by the | glow of the anthracite met his gaze. The neck in spite o' his floppin', and stroked neighbors, who, of course, were few and him down, and put Huldy's apron round | far between, were, after much ado, assembled to witness the marvel. This happened 'Hudly came behind, jist chokin' with unforceson difficulties were presented. round his wrists was kep. like the delete and some her.

"Now Huidy, we'll crook his legs and his since buckles kep' polished up, and his coars brushed, and then there warn't no bread and biscuit like Huldy's, and her butter was like solid lumis o' gold, and there warn't no pies to did Tom he set there salemn enough and liss political and the set there salemn enough and constructed to facintate the combusion of anthractic, and burn it would not. After many ineffectual efforts to ignite the product it was thrown aside as worthless, and our disconfited German, who had beguited the facintate the combusion of anthractic, and burn it would not. After many ineffectual efforts to ignite the product it was thrown aside as worthless, and our disconfited German, who had beguited the facintate the combusion of anthractic, and burn it would not. After many ineffectual efforts to ignite the product it was thrown aside as worthless, and our disconfited German, who had beguited the facintate the combusion of anthractic, and burn it would not. After many ineffectual efforts to ignite the product it was thrown aside as worthless, and our disconfited German, who had beguited the facint and burn it would not. After many ineffectual efforts to ignite the product it was thrown aside as worthless, and our disconfited German, who had beguited the facint and burn it would not. After many ineffectual efforts to ignite the product it was thrown aside as worthless, and our disconfited German, who had beguited the statement of the product it was thrown aside as worthless, and our disconfited German, who had beguited it was thrown aside as worthless, and our disconfited German, who had beguited it was thrown as described in the product it was thrown a constructed to facilitate the combustion of

Correspondence.

WALTEN FOR THE VERMONT PROBER. TOBACCO AND ITS EFFECTS.

Mr. Editor :- I found the above paragraph in your issue of Jan. 26th. I think it did not originate there, however, for if I mistake not, I had seen the same thing before and I suppose it will be copied by most o the papers whose editors use the weed and sek for authority to do so.

My opinion, founded on a careful observation of the effects of different agents upon the health of individuals and communi luring a medical practice of forty years, is quite the reverse of that expressed by this writer; yet, I do not propose to make my own belief a preminent thing in the present article, for the reason that my ipac disk might not be received as of more value than that of the author above quoted. I will, therefore, make a few brief extracts from the writings and sayings of persons more learned and wise than either of m begging the gentleman's pardon) and promise that when he, or any one else, thall quote an equal number of opposite opiniors from men of equal ability, I will

try ngain. James L. King of England, closed his amous "Counterblaste of Tobacco" thus: "It is a custom loathsome to the eye, bateul to the nose, harmful to the brain, dan-zerous to the lungs, and in the black, linking fumes thereof, nearest resembling the horrible stygian smcke of the pit that

Joshua Sylvester, a poet and cotemporary f King James I., thus describes tobacco and its votaries: In groves, glades, gardens, marshes, mountains, fields

In groves, glades, gardens, marshes, mountains, he None so penicious to man's life is known.

As is tubuccs, saying semp alone.

If there he say iscrib in any place.
Must opposite to God's good Herb of Grace,
The doubtless this; and this doth plainly prove it,
That, for the most part, gracless men do love it,
Or rather ducts most on this withered weed,
Themselves as withered in all gracious deed.

John Quincy Adams, when resident of the United States, wrote thus to Rev. Dr. Cox: "In my early youth I was addicted o the use of tobacco in two of its mysterie -smoking and chewing. I was warned by medical friend of the pernicious operation of this habit upon the stomach and the nerves; and the advice of the physician dy, she told me goin' home, that she could | was fortified by the results of my own experionce."

The late Edward C. Delavan, Esq., Albany, says: "I look upon the use of tobacco, in health, exactly in the same light, in a moral point of view, as I do the use of doubt that even what is called the moderate use of tobacco shortens life, than I have that the moderate use of rum shortens life. The venerable Eliphalet Nott, D. D., after describing the manner in which the appetite for tobacco was formed in his own ease, says; "But I was the reafter occasion

ter about his experiment, and he never said a word to her, but he sort o' kep' more burn, and a feeling of lassitude, especially surn, and a feeling of lassitude, especially to his books and didn't take it on him to in the morning, which continued until I could obtain the supposed restorative from "But not long after he took it into his my tobacco-box. Years passed on before I became convinced that the ills I suffered ldge set him up to it, and jist then old Tom Bigelow, on: to Juniper hill, told him if lutely determined to discontinue its use lutely determined to discontinue its use. This caused me no inconsiderable suffering | 70 houses have been erected, and nearly *So be sent for a man and told him to for a time, but this suffering gradually disbolid a pig-pen right out by the well, and specared, and with its disappearance my All are good and many of them elegan Such has been my own experience; and I that no house shall be erected costing les you want to know anything you must come stumble into it, and the parson he told him on the youth intrusted to my care. The lives of some, and the health of many, have been destroyed by persisting, in despite of

> o the health of the youth in our country, than any other agent. Professor L. N. Fowler, says: "Believ ing, as I do, that tobacco produces a disas-frous effect on the digestive powers and nervous system, tending to weaken the one and derange the other; that the blood is rend red thereby impure, and disturbed in circulation; that the secretions become iregular and shamefully wasted, by the condant loss of saliva from the mouth, I have taken particular pains to inquire of those who use tobacco, the individual effect that produces. The almost universal reply

is, that it not only does them no good, but Henry Ward Beecher says of tobacco: Its juice is poisonous; its flavor pungent nd disagreeable; its effects upon the unempered and unsubdued nerves, are hortible. Sea-sickness is bad enough, but its The slopes of the bills are so gentle as t ukings and retchings are a mere merey

o the prostration induced by the first trial Professor O. S. Fowler says respecting danco: "I have seen glowing descriptions of its injurious effects upon digestlet by impairing the salivary glands; yet no lescription equals the reality. By scarcely any other means can the stomach be more permanently deranged. Healthy sullvary glands are as necessary to good digestion s healthy eyes to good vision. New, this sowerful stimulant, this pareotic polson cought in almost perpetual contact with these glands, both by chewing and smokng, must, in the very nature of things,

ollege said: "I group alcohol, opluunt and tolaceo together, as alike to be rejected, because they agree in being poisonon n their natures. Dr. James Thacher, for many years listinguished physician of Boston, says: The nauscons and disgusting practice of bewing or smoking tobacco, is pa ticular-

prejudicial to persons of weak digestion,

predisposed to consumptive complaints,

delicate habits, and to those who are

The late President Hitchcock of Ambers,

In every instance the tone of the stomach is weakened, and every kind of dyspeptie Dr. Renjamin Waterhouse, also of Boson, and for several years a profi the Medical Department of Harvard University, says: "I never observed so many pallid faces, and so many marks of declinng health, nor ever knew so many heetical habits and consumptive affections, as of

ful and apparently direct sedative; when administered internally in the form of infusion or timeture, it is also a digretic. Its good effects, however, are unfortunately esionally induces, are of a dangerous and larming nature. On the whole it is doubt-

excepting in very urgent cases, and then with the utmost eaution." Professor Austin Flint of Bellevue Medon the Practice of Medicine, mentions the rse of tobacco as being a cause of function-

ful whether it should ever be prescribed,

al disorder of the heart, or palpitate Professor Willard Parker of New York, ne of the most distinguished physicians and surgeous in this or any other country, "Persons addicted to the use of tobacco recover from fever or from injury nuch more slowly, and with less proof of

bealthful energy in the process, than those who are not so addicted." The late Dr. S. B. Woodward, for many rears the distinguished Superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane, at Worcester, Mass., says: "Tobacco is a powerful nar-cotle agent, and its use is very deleterious o the nervous system, produ-ing tremors, vertiro, faintness, palpitation of the heart, and other serious diseases. That tobacco certainly produces insanity, I am fully confident. Its influence upon the brain, and nervous system generally, is hardly less than that of alcohol, and if excessively used, is equally injurious. In our experiis injurious to the incane. It increases ex-Stement of the nervous system in many ases, deranges the stomach, and produces

vertigo, tremors, and stupor in others." The late Professor Chapman of Philadel phia, referring to tobacco, says: "I have net with several instances of mental disorder closely resembling delirium treme subsided in a few days after it had bee Respectfully submitted,

West Braitleboro, Jan. 1872.

LETTER FROM THE OLD BAY STATE.

WOLLASTON HEIGHTS, MASS. Mr. Editor. The ears are just passing; but that is nothing of special interest to us, for 50 trains pass every day, twenty-five of which stop for our accommodation; but the passing of the train just at this moment was very opportune, for I was distressed to

know how I should commence my letter, "What about Wollaston any way?" I don't wonder you ask the question. If you were to stand on these heights on a warm, unny morning and cost your eyes over the landscape that would encircle you, you would wonder that the question was no asked a half century ago-that the site has never until recently been occupied save for a cow pasture. I only relterate the oft repeated sentiment of the elder Adams when I say that for beauty, variety and extent, the scenery from Wollaston Heights is not excelled, if equalled, in all the suburbs of

The tract of land bearing this name is in the town of Quincy, six miles from State street in Boston, and one and a half mile from the city limits, on the Old Colony and Newport railroad. It contains 330 acres and was purchased two years ago by company under the corporate name of Wolfaston Land Associates, The company immediately laid out the estate is avenues and lots, and put it into the mar ket, and the enterprise has been so su cessful that within eighteen months about edifices. One condition of sale of lots i

Great pains are taken by the company t zens to buy and build. Thus far the effor has been successful, and most of the resi dents are young men doing bu iness in th city, and all of excellent moral and sociacharacter. Society is marvellously fre iquors, is in my opinion more destructive from aristocracy on one hand and yulgarity

A school of two departments is already successful operation, also a church au-Sanday School, and ground has been bro ken for the erection of a beautiful house of worship. A large boarding house of ex-cellent character welcomes the stranger bu a few steps from the Depot.

The sale of intoxicating drinks is no known here and will not be tolerated. Wollasten Heights, derives its name fro Mount Wollaston, a beautiful swell of land in Quincy, which was named for its owner many generations ago. "The Heights" con sist of three eminences, rising from 80 t 150 feet above the level of the sea. The

highest of these is the westerly, so that the

view towards the Bay is not obscured from either. The valleys among these hills are admit of building at any point. Beside these, there is a wide extent of plane land thus affording the greatest variety to mee the diversity of tastes in builders and in crease the beauty of the landscape. I would like to give your readers some conception of the beauty of the surround ing scenery, but they must draw largely upon their imagination to make it equathe reality. As you stand upon the Heighte facing the East, the ancestral estates of the Quinceys, held by the title received from

the aborigines, transmitted from genera-

tion to generation, never having passed out

of the name, -lie immediately before you

with all that style of improvements and

embellishments which reminds one of the 'first families" of colonial times. The mansion of the present proprietor Josiah Quincy, standsembowered amidion avenues of stately, ancient elms. Beyon these estates and less than a mile from the Heights, Mussachusetts Bay and Bosto Harbor spread out before you in all their leaving or entering Boston Harbor are visible, winding their way among the aun erous islands which add so much to the atractions of the Bay. To the left, Boston, with the intervening villages, is in full view, affording at night a display of fie works which surpasses in beauty the pro-ductions of the most skilled professor of pyrotechnics. To the right, tie the Adams estates on which reside at least, the fifth generation of that name-the offspring of John Quincy Adams, who was the son of Charles Francis, who was the son of John Quincy, who was the son of piain John, who was the son of his father. Beyond on young constitutions principally to the pernicious custom of smoking cigars," these estates lie Quincy, Braintree, Weypernicious custom of smoking cigars," mouth and numerous other of those beauti-John Bell, M. D., long a distinguished ful villages for which Massachusetts has

physician of Philadelphia, and author of a ever been so justly distinguished. standard work on Materia Medica, says: Now if your eye sweeps the horizon by the mi "As a therapeutic agent, tobacco is a power- the West, the landscape is varied with Helps.

mountain and forest and field, dotted here and there with little villages, often with nothing to indicate their locality save the white church spires that rise above the folialmost always very problematical, and the age. Standing in the centre of this circle, it will be difficult, if possible, to recall a locality in New England, suitable for residences, presenting so numerous and varied attractions-such a variety of laudscape city and country, of field and forest, of land and sea; such facilities for access to the ical College, New York, in his recent work | great business centre of New England and, at the same time, blessed with so healthful

and salubrious a climate The expense of building and living is much less than in the city. It is, in fact, a country life with city privileges. The rail-road company gives a free pass to and from the city for three years to those who build or buy a house for personal residence.

Building lots are now sold at from 6 to 15 cents per foot, according to location, but are fast advancing in value. It will be difficult to find a locality where a young man entering business in Boston, or a man of moderate means wishing to retire from

business, can make for himself a more agreeable or economical home than here. If any of your readers of good character and hab ts ("no others need apply") wish to know more of this locality, they can at any time when in Boston, call at No. 9. State street, and be assured of most cordia and gentlemanly attentions from George F. Pinkham, Esq., agent of the "Wollaston Land Associates," WOLLASTON.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

LETTER FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON ON THE SUBJECT.

The following correspondence between the "Presbytery of the Eastward" and George Washington, dated shortly after the adoution of the Constitution, shows that the same ideas prevailed among a certain class of theologians then as now, and the reply of the Father of his Country will be found a crusher. It was taken from the Massachuseits Centinel of December 5.

"The Presbytery of the Eastward, convened at Newburyport, in their address to the President of the United States in his late tour says: "Among the objections to the federal constitution we never consider ed the want of a religious test-that grand engine of persecutions in every tyrant's hand. But we should not have been alone in rejoleing to have seen some explicit acknowledgement of the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent, inserted somewhere in the Magna Charta of our country. We are happy to find, however, that this defect has been amply remedied in the face of the world by the plety and devotion in which your first public act of office was performed, by the religious ob-servance of the Sabbath, and of the public worship of God, of which you have set so eminent an example, and by the warm which run through your late proclamation

for a general Thanksgiving." "To the Ministers and Ruling Elders delegated to represent the Churches in Massachasetts and New Hampshire, which compose the first Presbytery of the Eastward, "Gentlemen: The affectionate welcome

without excuse, did I fail to acknowledge the sensibility which it awakens and to express the most sincere return that a grateful sense of your goodness can suggest. "To be approved by the praiseworthy is wish as natural to be

eastern parts of the Union would leave me

its consequence is flattering to our self-"I am, indeed, much indebted to the favorable sentiments which you entertain owards me, and it will be my duty to

study to deserve them. "The tribute of thanksgiving, which you offer the gracious Father of Lights for His espiration of our public councils with wisdom and firmness to complete the naional Constitution, is wort'ny of men who, devoted to the pious purposes of religion, desire their accomplishment by such means as advance the temporal happiness of their

"And here, I am persuaded, you will ermit me to observe that the path of true iety is so plain as to require but little po "To this consideration we ought to scribe the absence of any regulations respecting religion from the Magna Charts our country. To the guidance of the inisters of the Cospil this important object is perhaps more properly committed It will be your care to instruct the ignorant and to reclaim the devious. And in the

progress of morality and science, to which

our government will give every further-

ance, we may confidently expect the advancement of true religion and the comple tion of our happiness. "I pray the munificent Rewarder of virtue that your agency in this work may reeive its coropensation here and hereafter. "G, WASHINGTON."

Miscellaneaus Hems. -A large mass of error is easily emalmed and perpetuated by a little truth. -A young man who keeps a col of locks of bair of his lady friends calls bem his "hair-breadth escapes."

-Mr. James Russell Lowell has invented new beatitude: "Blessed are they who have nothing to say, and who cannot be persuaded to say it." A clergyman, in reading the funeral service at a grave, forgot the sex of the de eased, and asked one of the mourners, "Is

or departed friend a brother or a sister?"

'Neither," was the reply; "only a cousin. -A little seven years' old, not a bundred miles from Hallowell, was asked by his mother to take a piece of cake from her plate, that she had not eaten, whereupo roung hopeful replied, that "he did not ropose to become a Lazarus for anybody. -The massacre of St. Bartholou

place in 1572, just three hundred years ago. Eighty thousand Huguenots, the salt of the French nation, with their great leader, Admiral Colligni, were assassinated for helr religion in the streets of Paris. -The great moral lubricator which

nakes everything in hum in life run without friction, is good temper. As soon as his is exhausted, the journals of the human machine begin to heat, and wear, and creech, and the entire mechanism becomes olsy and rainously wasteful of power, -If I were suddenly asked to give a

coof of the goodness of God to us, I think should say that it is most manifested in the exquisite difference he has made be-tween the souls of women and men, so as fortable and charming companionship that the mind of man can imagine, -ArtAur